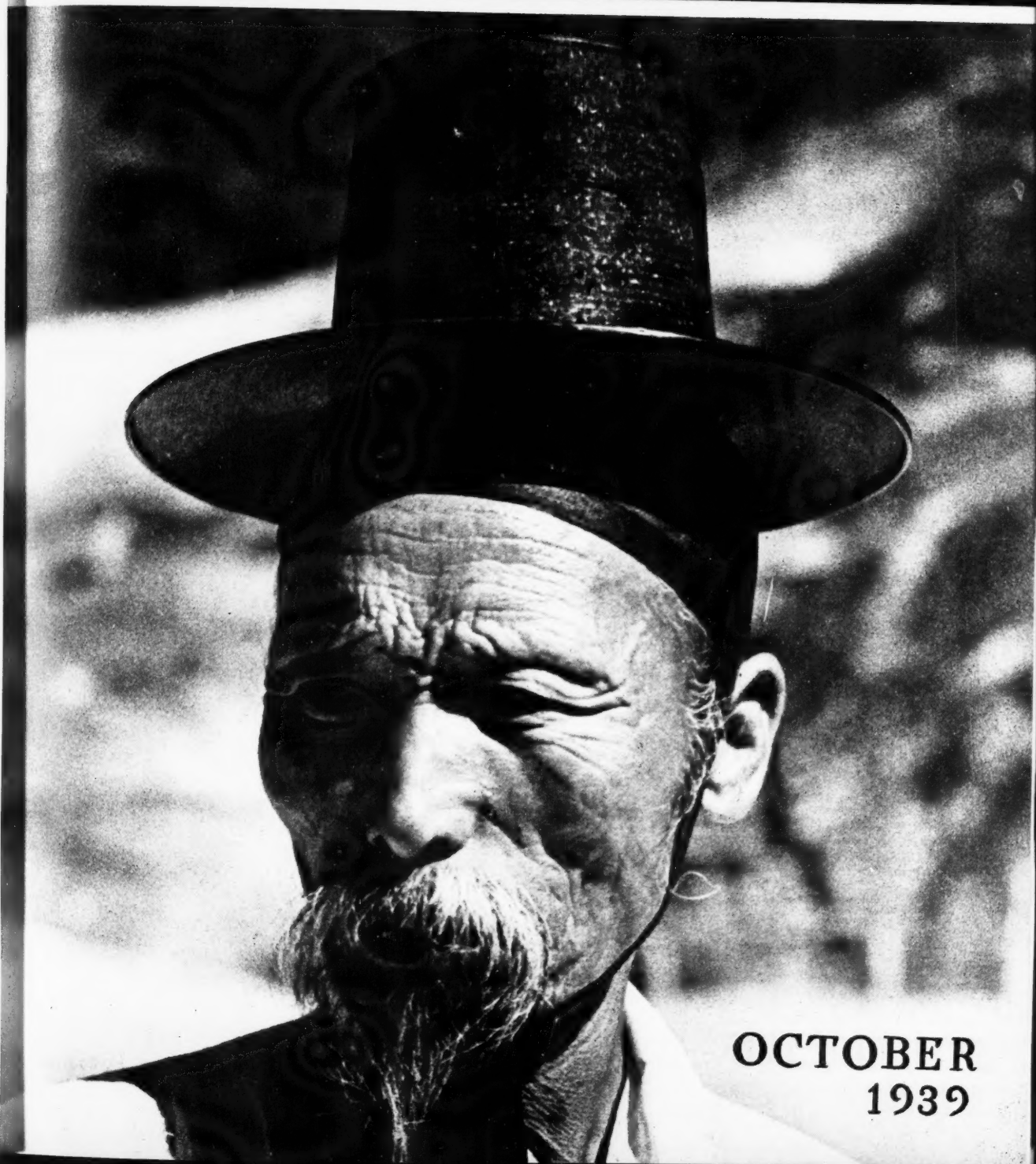




MARYKNOLL THE FIELD AFAR



OCTOBER
1939



MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions, which includes two societies, one for priests and Brothers and the other for Sisters. Including candidates, the two groups total 1,200.

Central headquarters for both societies are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California.

The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States

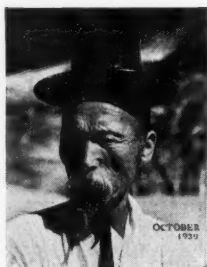
as a national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911.

In seven large areas of the Orient — in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea — Maryknollers are laboring among 20,000,000 pagan souls.

The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is *The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.* That of the Maryknoll Sisters is *The Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc.*

THE FIELD AFAR

OCTOBER, 1939 (Vol. XXXIII, No. 10)



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hat and in faith**

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← **Mystery of the Rose
Prayer**



Chinese artist's conception of Saint Francis of Assisi and Brother Wolf.

At the Saint's request the wolf promised to stop his marauding if the people of Gubbio would feed him.

TALK OF THE MISSIONS

CHARITY REWARDED

A section of the Regional Major Seminary at Kaifeng, China, was turned into a provisional hospital for wounded soldiers and a shelter for refugees. But a



great deal more space was required to accommodate the multitudes who looked to the mission for protection. Accordingly, a large piece of land was designated for the purpose and, in good time, was surrounded with a high wall of beaten earth. Eighty shacks were erected on it, and eventually some five thousand refugees from thirty nearby villages found shelter there for a period of about three months.

One of the results of this benevolent activity has been a sudden increase in conversions. Some five hundred persons are preparing for Baptism. The others who have not yet accepted the call to the Faith have demonstrated their appreciation by having a tablet, commemorating their gratitude to the missionaries, erected in the seminary courtyard.

CONVERTS

Immigrants from South China are numerous in British Malaya, Straits Settlements, and are evangelized more easily than the Moslem Malays. At Ipoh—an important tin-mining center—St. Michael's parish counts two thousand Chinese and four hundred English-speaking Catholics. Annual Communions there total eighty thousand.

LEFTIST TURNS RIGHT

The conversion of Mr. Cheng Tzu-yu, a well-known Chinese writer, has proved something of a sensation. As an author of radical tendencies, Mr. Cheng had for some years opposed Christianity. He became acquainted with the Catholic Church while a war refugee at the mission in Amoy and intends to devote his literary talent hereafter to the defence and spread of his newly found Faith.

CHINA'S CONTRIBUTION

It was feared that in war-torn China the work of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith would

receive a severe setback. Contrary to this expectation, a marked advance over the results for the previous year has been registered. In spite of the fact that thirty-five mission territories could send no contribution, the sum received amounted to \$29,691.63, as against \$21,334 the previous year.

A fine spirit of generosity, this, shown by Chinese Catholics in their hour of greatest need.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN

Faith in the august sacrifice of the Holy Mass produces the same devout reaction in the hearts of people the world over, although it sometimes takes unusual forms in the world of the missions. A Maryknoller was reminded of this by the naive logic of one of his youngest Chinese parishioners. This little maid of ten had often heard Mass at the mission chapel, but she had never witnessed it in her own village, and she was considerably surprised at the preparations that preceded that event. What mystified her most was the sweeping and garnishing of the room assigned to lodge the missionary overnight.

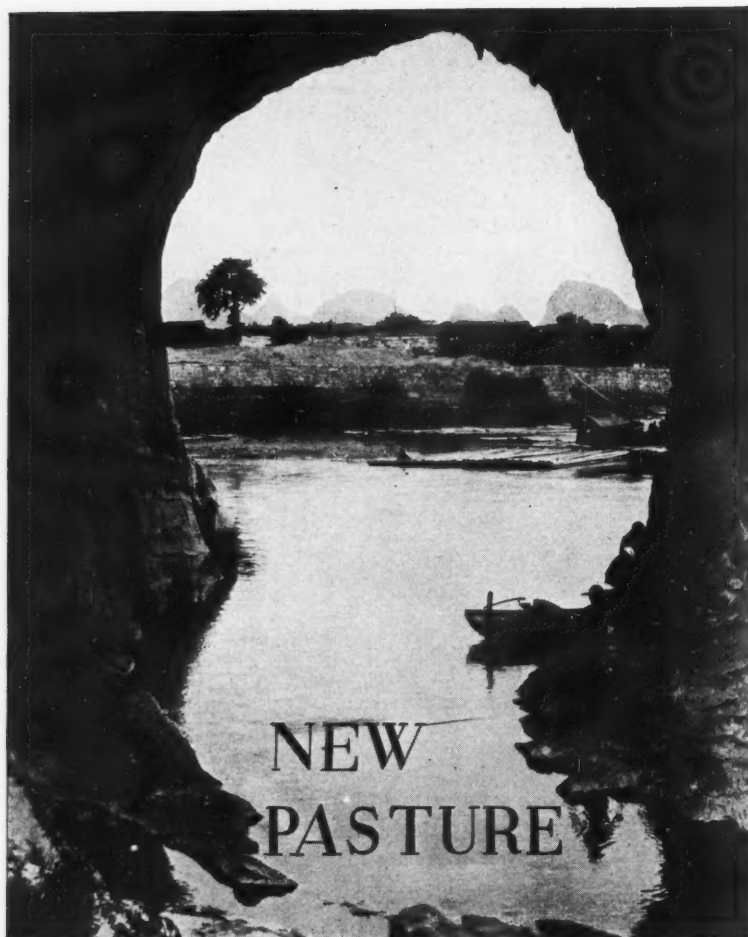
"But, mother," she finally demanded, "does the spiritual father need a room to sleep in? I thought he only came down to say Mass every morning, and went back to heaven every night."

The missionary himself could not seriously entertain that pleasing theory, as the buzzing and biting farmhouse mosquitoes reminded him all night long that he was still very close to earth, but somehow in spite of it all he found heaven a little less far away.

FORWARD

In the last ten years Catholics in mission lands all over the world have increased from fourteen million to more than twenty-one million—an increase of 6,912,699, which makes a yearly average of 691,000. In Africa the most remarkable headway has been made in the Belgian Congo. There the number of Catholics was more than doubled in the ten-year period, from 3,202,993 Catholics to the present number—6,794,951. Under God, the march of the missions goes steadily forward!





KWEILIN will be your headquarters, but Che Mu your mission," Monsignor Romanicello told me, shortly after I had arrived at the prefecture city. I was anxious to "get going," so on Sunday morning, after Mass, we started off down to the river and to the boat that would take Monsignor and me and Louis, our boy, to Che Mu.

At the waterfront we boarded our boat and settled down to await the good pleasure of the captain. An hour passed without any appreciable change; eventually a little urging elicited the news that there was no

When Father Thomas J. Bauer, M.M., of Ridgewood, Long Island, finished his first year's study of Chinese, he was assigned to Che Mu in South China's Kweilin Mission. He tells us here of the trip to, and what he found in, his "new pasture."

certainty of sailing that day. Nothing to do but look for another boat! At length Louis found one, but the young sailors were loath to be off. We haggled and sputtered and cajoled and argued and pleaded in vain. Finally, the master, another "Tugboat Annie," was willing to put her crew to work—but for her own price. More haggling, more cajoling, and only two hours later we lifted anchor and set off on our course with the flow of the current.

AFTER the hectic business of the morning the fresh breezes of the stream proved most welcome. The scenery on either side of the river was

like nothing I have ever seen before. Graceful, cone-shaped mountains veiled in purple had been carved by the hand of time. Natural grottoes had been formed by water pouring through the rocks, and the tall peaks—hundreds of them—in the distance could easily be mistaken for New York's sky line in the haze of a warm day.

Late in the afternoon, coming around a bend in the river, we sighted our destination, Che Mu. And then, of all times, a major mishap occurred: the big oar used for steering broke in two. I was anxious to see my new mission, so instead of waiting for a repair job we got on shore and walked the remaining short distance.

OUR first stop in the village was at the shop of a merchant whose individual efforts have, to a great extent, made Che Mu a Catholic village. Six years ago when he and his mother moved in from Kwangtung Province, their first concern was to find the Catholic church. For two days the search was in vain. Then the mother gave her son just one more day to find a Catholic church—or move on farther to where there was one. That day he located the church, and a priest has been visiting there at intervals ever since. They were laughed at when they gathered the family every morning and night to say their prayers. But they continued with a cheerful shrug that was born of faith, and little by little they won their friends over.

Then came my first Chinese meal. With temerity does the foreigner first grasp the chopsticks, knowing that everyone is looking on slyly to see how he is faring. I watched the others, however, and soon concluded that the best way was to raise the rice bowl up to my mouth and just shovel in. It worked well enough, but I must confess, I went light on the side dishes after the first taste, concentrating only on the rice and eggs.

When supper was over, the old folks gathered to talk with the Monsignor; and I, left more or less to my-

self, took a walk with the children. Eventually we wound up at the mission, where a native Sister was teaching doctrine lessons to the children. I was invited to examine them and fell into the trap. I read the words from the catechism with laborious clarity, and thanked my guardian angel for the native Sister at my side who helped me over the bumpy places. The children were all quite proficient, but my greatest delight was a tiny youngster who rattled off page after page without a stop. Although he had been only a silent listener while the others were studying, he could repeat the entire first section of the catechism by rote.

Later, at night prayers, Monsignor spoke a few words of encouragement to all the Christians, expressing his pleasure and satisfaction with the development at Che Mu. When we walked out of the chapel, an old man grasped my hand with such a heartfelt "Tin Gee Po You!" (God bless you) that I felt heartened and strengthened in the task that lay before me. We bade our hosts and the other Christians good night, and set about hanging up our mosquito nets for the night. Bright moonlight shone through the open side of our room, but we were too tired to notice it.

Early in the morning I awoke with

GOLFERS!

YOU will get more publicity if you give a thousand dollars to the upkeep of the golf links than if you give it to Maryknoll. But then, there's eternity!

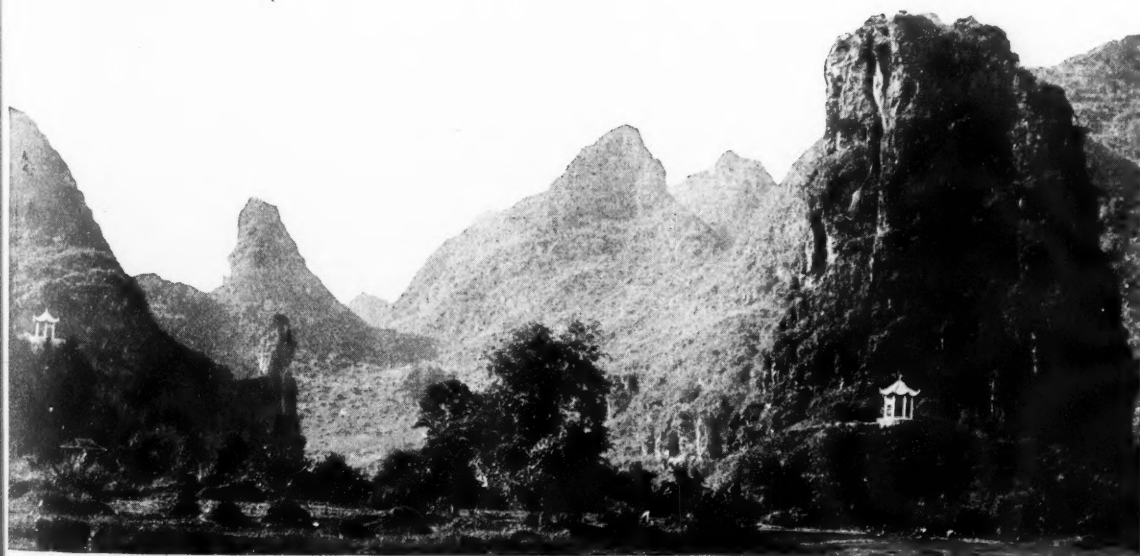
a start. I looked at my watch and saw that it was only half-past three, and I wondered how I could have fallen asleep in a chicken coop. That was not exactly the case; what happened was that all the roosters in the neighborhood had moved in with us and were hailing the dawn in one mighty chorus. I tried to cover my ears against their clarion song, but a little after four I gave up and turned out.

The Christians made their appearance shortly afterwards, so I began the first Mass at half-past four while Monsignor heard confessions. Later I heard confessions while Monsignor offered the Holy Sacrifice. After the second Mass the catechist gave a short sermon on this world and heaven. Heaven, we were told, is a place where it is neither hot nor cold, where we don't have to work

to earn our daily rice, and where there are no air raids.

After supplying the baptismal ceremonies in several cases where lay baptism had been given, breakfast was announced at half-past nine and we went back to the little mission for our morning rice. Everyone had left us by this time and was busy in the fields, since it was harvest time in Kwangsi. The children were our hosts now, showing off their little toys and trying to amuse us. Two of them caught a beetle—an airplane, they called it—and tied its legs with a long piece of string. They then spun him around to tease him to fly. We asked if we might borrow their airplane to return to Kweilin—when, of a sudden, distracted to carelessness by our questions, the little boys relaxed their grasp of the string a moment, and away went the beetle. Off to Kweilin without us! So we decided to walk the road back home. We left after reciting a prayer, and I promised them that I would be back next Sunday for Mass.

My heart was light as we walked home in the sun, discussing the possibility of building a real chapel to replace the stable-like structure now being used. It was just that easy to adopt the village of Che Mu as my new pasture.



"Graceful, cone-shaped mountains had been carved by the hand of time."



THE CLIPPER EVANGELIST

Catholic barbers in America could take a lesson from Ambrose the headclipper, of Manchukuo. Father Edward A. McGurkin, M.M., of Hartford, Connecticut, gives us this report of Tung Hua's unusual Catholic Action apostle.

NEATH the shade of a non-whirling red-and-white barber's pole, Ambrose Chou earns his daily bread. Known in the native lingo as a "head-clipper," he follows in the wake of scissors, clippers, and comb, with a steady shower of fragrant speech. Stepping back a pace to examine his masterpiece, Ambrose pauses with head cocked to starboard, his left arm akimbo, and the right rampant with scissors, and asks, "Do you believe in God?"

"Who's God?" the client answers by asking.

"He is the Venerable Lord of heaven and earth. He made you. He

made me. He made the whole world and all the men and animals in the world. He made the birds of the air and the fishes in the sea. When we die, He rewards good men and punishes bad men."

"No, I don't believe in Him. How could I? I never saw Him."

"Oh, so you believe only what you can see?"

"Righto!"

"Did you ever see the Emperor?"

"No."

"So then, you don't believe we have an Emperor. Did you ever see Mussolini?"

"No, but I read about him in the paper."

"I'll give you papers where you can read about God. Did you ever see your great-grandmother?"

"No, but they tell me she was a great opium-smoker."

"So, after all, you do believe in persons you have never seen. Now I'll tell you about God." And Ambrose goes on, pumping the clippers, waving a razor, and pouring out his stock of catechism on the willy-nilly ears of his victim.

"But how can I change now?" an aged bonze objects, as Ambrose clips the silvery crop and trims the old man's rebuttal. "How can I change my beliefs now and accept God's religion after I have told so many people that they must come to the temple and kowtow to the idols?"

"Suppose," says our Ambrose, "suppose you are guiding two hundred settlers, and there comes a storm. For three days you see neither sun nor moon nor stars, and you feel you are lost. You discover a little cabin in the forest. An old man lives there; he has lived for many years in that part of the country. You say to him, 'Big Brother, is this the way to Black River?' He says: 'No, you have missed the road' and he shows you a chart of the roads. You say, 'He is showing me the right way.' Then would you keep going in the wrong direction? No, of course not! You would turn around and lead the settlers in the right direction. . . .

"Next!"

And so on, through the day.

Ambrose maintains that the longest life is far too short, the available time for doing good hardly adequate, so he wastes very few seconds. Like his fellow craftsmen in the tonsorial parlors west of the Pacific, he believes in keeping his clients entertained. Baseball is not in his line, and he doesn't know who holds the world's heavyweight championship, but he pours out what is nearest to his heart and draws in souls for God. We have never seen a bored customer under the red-and-white pole of Ambrose the headclipper. Long may he clip!

When I Think of the Days That are Gone

DO you remember Maggie? Perhaps she had left these parts before you came over in '32, but surely you have heard us speak of her. She ranks with other heroic figures of our center mission, like Wang the barber's wife, Suen the carpenter's wife, and Kao the *tou-fu* merchant's wife. Maggie's husband had passed away, so she had to stand on her own feet, small though they were and bound. The standing was a feat on windy days, requiring much stepping back and forth to keep upright.

Maggie lived in a cabin, ten by ten, on South Mountain, about four miles from the mission and on the other side of the open-cut coal mine. A walk from Maggie's place to the church was some jaunt, even for one with flexible feet. Maggie stumped out of her cabin every Sunday morning on her six-inch extremities, slid down the deep sides of the open cut, and made her way in and out between donkey carts and dynamite, miners and merchants, climbed up the other

The Right Reverend Prefect Apostolic of Fushun, Manchukuo, Monsignor Lane, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, in a letter to a former Manchu missionary, recalls a famous character of the early mission days. You'll enjoy the intimacy of his letter.

side and was here in good time before Mass. When there was snow on the ground, her journey had an alpine tinge to it, but she never reported any casualties.

"When I think of the days that are gone, Maggie!" Recently, I have been helping out the local pastor by taking care of one of the four outstations once a month. They are at Lao-Hu-T'ai, Lung-Feng-K'ang, Hsin-Fushun, and Wu-Lao-T'un.

The last named place is the evolution of Maggie's cabin. I went there on a recent Sunday morning. After more than sixty confessions, Mass,

sermons, and two baptisms, coffee and sandwiches were produced. It was a good experience, and I bless Maggie for her zeal in having held this group together for so many years.

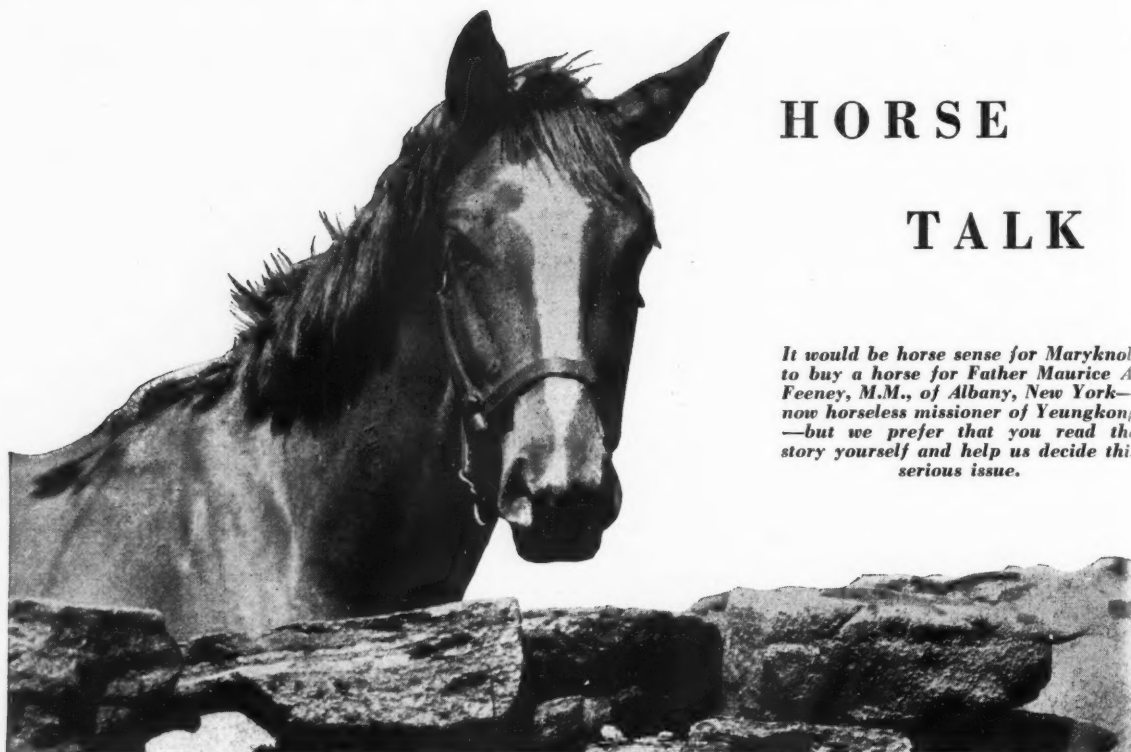
Maggie wasn't there last Sunday. She has long since returned to her old home in Shantung, but two of her sons are still here. One was formerly a seminarian. He was one of our best in baseball, but his legs were better than his head. Maggie's oldest boy is now in the catechist school. His wife is holding Teresa (or is it Mary?) in the baptism picture.

So much for Maggie! May her tribe increase!

Sometime I shall tell you about Wang the barber's wife; and, incidentally, about the barber shop, where pictures of The Sacred Heart and of the saints meet the eyes of non-Christian patrons, and where a sign greets the would-be customers on certain days—"This is a holyday; no business."



Maggie's granddaughter was baptized by the bishop.



HORSE TALK

It would be horse sense for Maryknoll to buy a horse for Father Maurice A. Feeney, M.M., of Albany, New York—now horseless missionary of Yeungkong—but we prefer that you read the story yourself and help us decide this serious issue.

ABOUT a year ago I was given a present—nothing less than a fine big Hong Kong race horse, with all the trimmings: saddle, bridle, comb, brush, extra shoes, and even a box of new horseshoe nails. All this came as a gift to me, from a neighboring missionary who was being transferred and would have no need for a horse. The animal was mine for the taking, but the taking was bound to be a difficult job, for a distance of one hundred miles separated me from the gift. Three wide rivers had to be crossed by small sampan, and not every horse can be induced to get into a flat-bottomed boat for a ride.

It was summertime so I decided to look the gift horse in the face; a local cowboy came with me to ride him back to our mission. I was delighted when I saw my new inheritance. He was much bigger than the native Chinese horses, which are only ponies. Because of his size the horse was a curiosity wherever he went and everywhere he attracted crowds of admirers. He eventually became an "ad" for the mission. Everybody

talked about him and naturally added that he belonged to the Father at the Catholic mission. He was borrowed on many occasions to add color and importance to parades. Only last night our horse led the middle school's lantern parade, being ridden by the school principal himself.

WHILE visiting the country Christians, riding along the country roads, I have been amused to hear the comments of the people. The Chinese are sure to make some comment, and always aloud, even though they may be talking only to themselves: "My, what a horse! Never saw such a big horse! Can't be a horse; it must be a mule. Sure, it's a mule!" Then one day I heard a different line of comment as I passed by a lone old woman: "My, what a big horse! Can't be a horse; it must be a camel!"

I thought this was the limit, but yesterday another oldster went one step better. Riding past, I heard her exclaim, "Oh, what a big elephant!"

Our schoolboys here at the mission

center have had a great time with the horse, during their recreations. They have a trick of giving him a taste of salt, and then hold more salt to make him run and catch up with them before he can get it. All the boys have enjoyed this immensely.

ONE reason why I prize the horse is that, after I have been out in the country for ten days or so, preaching the doctrine and bringing the sacraments to our country Christians, if I get tired (as I sometimes do) of eating the dry rice, tired of sleeping on the hard bed boards in musty rooms, tired of the hot sun, and long for a shower, some American food, a letter from home—when this feeling of homesickness comes over me, it's a grand and glorious feeling to know that no matter how far out in the country I may be, no matter how bad the roads, how swollen the rivers, this old horse is capable of getting me home in a day. Only those who have been privileged to make mission trips in China can appreciate this grand and glorious feeling.

(Continued on page 265)

Chiming of the Belle



It seems almost incredible that there could be any place of importance where a Catholic wedding has never been held. But, believe it or doubt it, the city of Hikone, in Japan, has recently recorded its first Catholic nuptial ceremony. Reverend Clarence J. Witte, M.M., of Centerville, Indiana, who is pastor of the Maryknoll mission in Hikone, writing of his first wedding, says: "It dawned on me as I was recording this, the first entry in our marriage register, that it was the first such ceremony to be held in Hikone since—imagine it!—since the creation of the world."

"The wedding took place during the brief but beautiful cherry-blossom season. The groom is my own teacher, catechist, organist, server, gardener, general handy man, and most anything else you might wish to call him. On occasions he substitutes for his mother, who is my cook. Withal, he is quite a musician and a vocalist of ability. In spare time he gives piano and singing lessons. The bride, a recent convert, is also a musician of note, the Japanese harp being her specialty. It makes for an harmonious union with the belle chiming in occasionally."

"The Nuptial Mass started at ten o'clock, and, wondrous to relate, everyone was on time. With a short sermon for the benefit of the pagans in attendance (and they outnumbered the Catholics), the ceremony took about an hour, leaving just sufficient time for picture-taking before assembling for the wedding feast. I hardly dare call it a wedding breakfast, for, though we were assembled before noon, the rice bowl was not produced until two hours thereafter."

"First there were formalities and native customs to be observed: introductions of relatives; a reading of the newly contracted relationships; a

speech by the go-between, eulogizing the accomplishments of the bride and groom; a ceremonial drink of rice wine by all the relatives; and bowing without end.

Then it was time to eat! But by that time it seemed so long since I had last engaged in that rite that I feared having quite forgotten its method and purpose. But that need have been no cause for anxiety, for at such banquets it is customary to eat but little. To talk and drink seems more enjoyable. The food, of which there is too much, is carried home by the would-be diners to be consumed later in less ceremonial fashion and surroundings. However, no one could resist altogether the prompting of inner nature, and so, eat a little we did. Under the circumstances raw fish and many other delicacies of which I know not even the name were quite palatable. But

squatting on the floor for four hours with legs doubled up underneath was one of the worst endurance contests of my life. Try it sometime!

"I should have plenty of time to get the kinks out before our next wedding; we have more young ladies eligible as brides, but as yet no more eligible Catholic young men."

Horse Talk

(Continued from page 264)

But now I am about to lose this prized horse of mine. His original owner has been changed again—from seminary professor to pastor in a country district. I should almost rather lose my right arm than this horse, yet I cannot in justice keep him. So with heavy heart I have to send him home again, and in plaintive tones my cry goes up (I hope not too weakly), "My kingdom for a horse!"



TIME OUT FOR A PICTURE

The Maryknollers who squeezed into the back row are Brother Clement, Father Whitlow, and Father Witte.



Pedro Opens a Door—

not only for himself but also for his family and for many neighbors. Father J. Russell Hughes, who sends this stranger-than-fiction story, is the Maryknoll director of Filipino activities in Manila.

FATHER JOSEPH was kicking against the goad. His idea of a foreign missionary's life differed greatly from the work to which he was assigned, and he longed to be on the more active firing line.

Father Joseph was an American priest, and his field of labor since ordination was the city of Manila, in the Philippine Islands. True, the people had taken him to their heart at once and called him their *Padre José*, but he was neither curate nor pastor. He had never administered the sacraments of Baptism, Matrimony, and Extreme Unction; his one task had been that of chaplain to Filipino boys who were living in the metropolis, far away from the parental roof.

As he knelt before the Blessed Sacrament in St. Michael's Hall, these things ran through his mind. "Oh, bother these distractions!" he said, almost aloud, as he picked up his New Testament. 'Twas then he came upon

the words relating to Saint Paul: "It is hard for thee to kick against the goad . . . a vessel of election . . . carry my name before the gentiles."

Padre José was humbled and shamed and could but cry out from his heart with the Apostle, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

THEN one day Pedro came to the door of St. Michael's. Pedro was a stranger, a non-Catholic who, making a comparison of all religions, was a believer in none. He had now come to the place on his list marked "Roman Catholic—Philippines—Filipino Catholics." He wanted to know about the Church and its beliefs and practices. He admitted to twenty-four years of age and to being the third generation of an Aglipayan family—which meant that his grandparents had fallen from the Catholic religion into the national schism.

Padre José listened while the boy spoke, and then arranged for Pedro to come for a half hour every day for a week to receive an explanation of Catholic Church doctrine.

During the first few days Pedro stuck to his task of merely listening to the history and workings of the Church, but every attempt at argument on the part of the padre was neatly sidestepped. It was too early to get discouraged, so when the task appeared too much for the padre he appealed to some Sisters and orphans to pray for Pedro.

On the last day of the week the young man asked Father Joseph for another week of talks. He admitted that something was stirring within him that he could not explain as yet, and that the other preachers and ministers he had visited did not seem to have the conviction of Padre José. So for six more days talks continued while the priest waxed eloquent, the

boy rebutted, and the Sisters and children continued to pray. And then it happened!

At the close of the second week Pedro rather fearfully asked if he might continue receiving instruction in the Church. Father Joseph tried not to show his joyful anxiety; in fact, he was outwardly quite calm as he suggested that Pedro make arrangements to come and live at St. Michael's Hall with other Catholic boys and let the religion grow on him before he embraced it.

In less than a month he was well prepared, and great was his joy as he passed the doctrinal examination. On the morning of the great day the young neophyte came early to the chapel with his *padrino*—one of the boys from his own dormitory—and, while his newly found friends prayed fervently for Pedro, the waters of Baptism were shakily poured by Padre José for the first time.

To submit to Baptism was actually a momentous decision on the boy's part. He had been raised by a family rabidly anti-Catholic. He had been educated, more or less free of expense, by various American Protestant institutions which thereby laid claim to his talents and pointed him towards the ministry. In becoming a Catholic he would be disowned by his family—a poor family, but his, nevertheless. He would be committing a grievous sin—ingratitude for what had been done for him. He could call the padre and the *padrino* his only friends. But he had developed an appreciation for the mystical body, and he would have Christ, too, as a friend.

THE summer months passed, and Padre José was again in the rush of students for the new term. Pedro, caught up in the busy life of Manila, had not visited St. Michael's of

late and the priest wondered. But before September was over, the boy came around again. He had been reading various Catholic books and had been doing a lot of thinking. He now wondered if he could possibly become a priest and labor among his own people.

Father Joseph paused. It might be merely the fanciful idea of a new convert; yet, again, it might be Christ calling a new worker to the harvest. It was worth a try, anyway. Consultations with rectors and spiritual advisors followed, and finally one was found who was willing to take Pedro on trial for a year.

Two years passed, and Pedro's school work received the endorsement of the rector and professors, and on their recommendations he was accepted as a subject for the bishop's seminary last June. Before entering the seminary, however, he decided to try a reconciliation with his family.

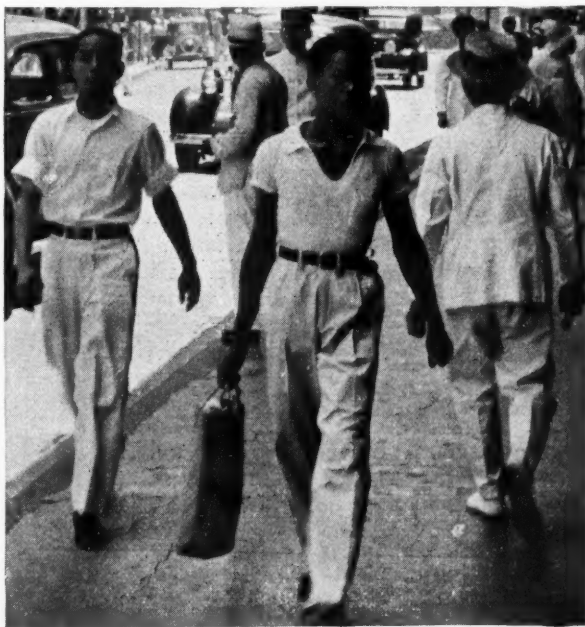
At the close of the term in March he went home to a great surprise. One of his sisters had been instructed by a traveling missionary and was already baptized. Drawn by a great



Pedro was bashful about making the suggestion.

affection for her brother, she had taken the step and would persevere as he did. The second year found the father and mother entering the fold. Later, other members of the family and a few neighbors came around to see the priests on the occasion of the Catholic *fiesta*. A small Catholic revival was taking place, and into this went Pedro for his vacation. He went with trepidation because with the change of his address his family had lost track of him, and hence had not been able to write to him of the *barrio's* return to the Faith of their fathers.

"Pedro is now in the diocesan seminary, looking forward to four years of study and a chance to go back and take care of his people," wrote Padre José to his superior. And he might have added, though he didn't, that now he himself understands better the words addressed to Saint Paul, and he sees how God can give the increase.



Caught up in the busy life of Manila. . .



MY AIN FOLK

IT is interesting to know of the Catholic religion; but it is exciting to live in it. This may seem trite to you, but for me it is a novel truth. I had spent many years listening to people talk about religion, and grasped nothing. It was only when I arrived at Maryknoll that my outlook on religion changed.

Maryknoll was not a stranger to me, for I had spent many happy days there during my college holidays; but I like to think that I arrived at Mary-

Those of our readers who have visited Maryknoll within the past few years have seen or met Carl G. Wong, the Chinese author of this article. Carl, when not teaching in New York, is in the porter's lodge at the Seminary. He has been a student in the U.S. but a few years, yet he wrote, unaided, this interesting appreciation of his new life's work.

Society, speaking the same Chinese dialect I had heard as a boy. Other Maryknollers received me with that warmth of hospitality that is so characteristically Maryknoll's.

I was soon to learn the four words that were to be the foundation stones of my new mode of life: obedience,

knoll on the day that I presented myself as a candidate among the Oblates of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Bishop Walsh, who accepted me, welcomed me into the

allegiance, honesty, and promptness. Adherence to these ideals has given to me the greatest consolation; to my superiors, I hope, confidence.

A great surprise was mine one day when I was asked to assist Maryknollers in carrying on apostolic work among my own countryfolk in New York City. This new field of activity was a constant source of happiness; I felt that I was living the Christian life to the full.

My first assignment was to St. Joseph's Hospital in the Bronx. With the friendly cooperation of the Sister Superior there, I began by visiting each Chinese patient; and to those interested I gave a short instruction in Christian Doctrine. While at this hospital I encountered my first thrilling experience. A Chinese lad, who suffered from an advanced state of tuberculosis, listened

The light of Christianity grows amid the dimness of Chinatown.

keenly to my instructions and professed a willingness to be baptized.

Sister Superior made the preparations, and he received the saving waters. Shortly afterwards he died. It was a very happy death, for about his lips was a beautiful smile. I was grateful for the opportunity that had been given me to be an instrument, under God, for this lad's happiness. Now among my places to visit is Madonna House, a school for about one hundred Chinese children. Here also adult Chinese may learn the rudiments of English, and here the light of Christianity grows strong amid the dimness of Chinatown.

Thus a year's work has shown that the future will be crowded with activity. It is a glorious work—the planting in another's heart of the seed of faith once sown in mine. Others, perhaps, will join the many religious and lay folk who have found their rightful place in this field ready for the harvest. They will be very happy, as am I, for in this field, through Maryknoll, I have enjoyed the fullness of the Christian life.

Charity and Converts

Maryknoll's present Superior General was succeeded in the Kongmoon Vicariate by Most Reverend Adolph J. Paschang, of Martinsburg, Missouri. Bishop Paschang recently concluded a visitation of his vicariate and tells us what he believes is Kongmoon's great need.



More than three thousand cast-off children were saved by the Church last year.

AFTER various postponements and much back-tracking, I have at last visited all the missions in the Kongmoon Vicariate. As the setup at each mission was duly inspected, the subject that eventually came up for discussion was: What this Mission Needs. It was invariably agreed, at least tacitly, that what each mission needs is many more converts. Even at the long-established missions, where the missionaries are kept "on the go" looking after their widely scattered old Christians, they are always scouting after new converts.



The "not wanted" children become friends of the missionaries.

To gain these converts, various methods are used. Not all methods are in operation at the same time in each mission, nor are all methods used with equal success at each mission. The missionary considers them all and develops those that suit the circumstances. When circumstances change, methods of getting converts also change. However, I think it can be said that every practical method of mission work is in operation at one place or another in this vicariate. In fact, some of the individual missions have almost as many kinds of institutions and works as a diocese in another country. Most of these institutions are for charity, and all depend upon charity. Naturally they are not so highly developed as those at home, remaining for the most part small and rudimentary in scope.

Incidentally, the work of rescuing not-wanted infants shows us some strange vagaries of human nature. Some parents will dispose of a baby as thoughtlessly as they would discard any other superfluity; a stranger, as pagan as the parents are, will pick it up and carry it miles to an orphanage.

Since a pagan society does not admit the utility of spending money and care on the wrecks of humanity, some readers may wonder how we can expect by such works to attract converts other than the immediate objects of charity. Yet converts are made in this way, because these works manifest the genuineness of Christian charity, and show that we practice what we preach. The wisdom of such works may not appear on the surface, but a reasonable person can understand that there is a powerful motive behind them, and admiration for the devotion of the workers may lead people to investigate the motive.

It may not be foolish to suggest that the growing recognition by government and society of their obligation to help the helpless is due in no small measure to the example given by the missions. Charitable institutions of every kind, maintained by public funds, have begun to increase remarkably in the last few years. In many cases they are modeled on mission institutions, and in not a few instances missionaries have been asked to conduct them for the community.

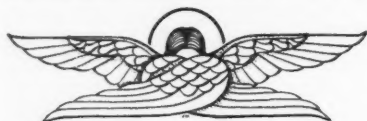
(Continued on page 271)

MARYKNOLL THE FIELD AFAR

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Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



OCTOBER—the word suggests autumn leaves, as it also recalls some feast days of interest to Maryknoll and the missions: notably the feast of St. Francis of Assisi and the Little Flower, patrons of the missions; of Christ, the King of all souls; of Guardian Angels, who watch over our missionaries as they walk strange lands. A blessed mission month!



THESE are challenging days, and it is not remarkable that they have brought out a daring philosophy of action in Catholic circles. When those who hate do dire things against God, those who love should do dire things for God. The Christian answer must be in proportion to the anti-Christian challenge.

Looking at things from the vantage point of today, we see an extraordinary provision of God in the fact that the mission movement got under way before the World War ushered in the present era of anti-Christian activity. This was striking while the iron was hot, and it has given us a tactical advantage.

A further advantage is the sincerity of our message. To well-meaning men and women who are misled by communism, with its high-pressure methods and its high-sounding words, we can confidently offer a world empire of human brotherhood as enshrined in the ideals of the Catholic Church and implemented by her ubiquitous missions. Visualize for a

moment the fascinating panorama of Catholic apostolic zeal, with its glorious institutions of philanthropy and education, its realism in meeting the problems of ignorance and suffering. This is a program of works as contrasted with words.

Ours is the advantage of being everywhere first and having everywhere a technique that is both fundamental and progressive. It makes its way wherever it is given a fair trial. We should do well indeed to broadcast these benefits speedily through our world-wide missions, now that a rival has appeared to steal our thunder.



THE Ten Commandments delivered on Mount Sinai are good enough for any and every set of men, missionaries included; but every profession has certain unique demands, and the following list of precepts has been suggested as specially applicable to those who exercise the ministry of souls in fields afar.

1. Concentrate solely and singly on your divine mission.
2. Follow the methods of the Divine Teacher.
3. Love and serve your people as a father his children.
4. Honor the Holy See and your own Congregation.
5. Go out into the highways and byways.
6. Remember that faith comes by hearing.
7. Make your decisions in the light of eternity.
8. Be grateful for your sublime vocation.
9. Go the whole way and give all.
10. Fight always, and forever smile.

Missioners will recognize in this recipe some virtues they have and some they wish they had. The ideals of the profession are incredibly high. But that is the very reason why the successful missionary who squares his

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for October, 1939:

That news about the missions become more widespread through the daily papers.

life with his profession becomes a welcome gift to any nation, and is hailed by its grateful people as a blessed man.



ONE function of the daily press is to give a balanced picture of the doings of the world, and a paper fulfills this role very inadequately when it confines itself to the poor old planet's sensationalized calamities. With all the destruction going on there is an equal amount of construction, and every drab disaster can be balanced by its counterpoise of heartening beauty. Perhaps the most constructive force ever let loose in the world is the mission work that seeks to hitch it to the stars instead of letting it drift. If so, the press might present a more just perspective by giving space to its ventures and successes. It is the wish of the Holy See that news about the missions become more widespread through the daily press. This would aid the mission cause that thrives by having its optimistic outlook known, and it would help the press even more by letting in rays of hope to diversify its crops of daily gloom.



WE think of ourselves as benefactors of the missions, but do we ever stop to consider the spiritual riches they have added to our own inheritance? Take away Paul and Patrick and Francis Xavier, who achieved their greatness as missionaries, and should we not be immeasurably the poorer? And should we like to have missed the fragrance of the first Rose of the New World, that bloomed in Lima, or the spiritual beauty of our own native flower who was called the Lily of the Mohawks? The story of the Japanese martyrs has added to the faith of millions, and the spectacle of a Chinese Lo Pa Hong, blossoming out as the greatest lay apostle of his day, has reacted strongly on our own zeal. In the mystical body there is always an exchange of mutual benefit. "Now you are the body of Christ, and members of member." (I Cor. xii: 27)

DEPARTURE DAY

has passed, but the splendid address of Archbishop Mooney is something that Maryknollers will long remember. The excerpt printed here is only one of the highlights of the sermon.

THE scene on this hilltop dramatically recalls and reproduces what took place on that mountain in Galilee where the apostles gathered in obedience to the message which had come to them from the Risen Christ. "And Jesus coming spoke to them, saying: All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Going therefore teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matthew xxviii: 18-20)

One cannot hope to capture and hold the emotion that stirs the hearts of all who sense the significance of what is happening here today. But in the warmth of that emotion one can mold an enduring purpose to make the apostolic mission of those who, on the mandate of Christ living and acting in His Church, leave tonight to carry the gospel of peace to them who are afar off, mean all that under God it can mean in the lives of all whose interests are here engaged.

This is, indeed, a significant moment for Maryknoll, through which Christ, living in His Church, commissions you who leave today to carry the gospel into pagan lands. It marks another step in the marvelous growth of this missionary society, which in a generation has sent forth five hundred men and women to translate into ever-widening reality the apostolic dream of your zealous founders, and counts as many more at home manning the lines of supply or preparing themselves for their future work. It is of significant moment, too, to the Catholic Church in the United States, of whose missionary activity Maryknoll is, in a special sense, the chosen instrument on account of the part which the American hierarchy played in its establishment. The Church in

any nation comes to full maturity only when it takes its place in the work of evangelization by which the Catholic Church fulfills the mandate of Christ, "Going, teach all nations." Every departure ceremony of this kind, then, bears added witness to the full-blown catholicity of the Church in America.



CHRIST, KING

A medallion in stone above the entrance to Maryknoll Seminary

What this ceremony means to you young apostles, whose feet today are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, was set down in all the humility of supreme devotion by your great prototype, the apostle of Christ to the gentiles, when he wrote to his converts in Ephesus: "To me, the least of all the saints, is given this grace, to preach among the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Or



CHI-RHO
(Key-Roe)

Chi (X) and Rho (P) are the first two letters in the Greek word XPISTOS (Christ). The circle represents the world. "Bringing Christ to all the world" is the Maryknoll significance.

again when he wrote to the Corinthians: "But I most gladly will spend and be spent myself for your souls; although, loving you more, I be loved less."

Charity and Converts

(Continued from page 269)

This public reaction illustrates the function of charity in a mission. The role of a mission is not to give to a people the works of the Catholic religion, but to give them the faith of the Catholic religion so that they will produce the works. A mission helps people to help themselves. The grace and energy inherent in our holy religion will bear fruit in every sort of charity, once the divine ferment has leavened the mass. Institutional charity is therefore restricted to a few telling samples. Missioners do not limit personal charity, however, as that would be to lose the blessing of God.

There is at least one work of charity whose utility nobody doubts. That is proven by the daily crowds that come to the mission medical dispensaries. Medical work is no small item in the Kongmoon Vicariate. We have one hospital, which is located in a city where some of the clientele are prosperous enough to pay for services received, so it is not the drain on our finances that it would be if located elsewhere. Some of our mission dispensaries are fortunate enough to have trained nurses in charge; the others are strictly non-professional, perhaps also non-scientific; but none are without encouraging results in cures and conversions.

Blessed is the missionary who has in his congregation families or individuals who exert themselves to make known to their relatives and friends the meaning of Christian charity, and we can rejoice that our missions have such folks who help satisfy the need for converts. Most converts are brought on the scene through them, to be instructed at home by catechists, or at the mission. Before one batch is ready for Baptism the missionary is looking for others to follow them, because a missionary needs converts to keep him happy.



A DAY WITH MISSIONARIES



↑ The missionary's day begins with the offering of that Holy Sacrifice which, "from the rising of the sun," is perpetuated throughout the whole world.



← Communion for the sick, and visitations, take up the early morning, and when he gets home he finds . . .

WITH A ORDER



↑ A visit to out-missions and groups in the far-flung country districts, in an open barouche, is not to be envied . . .



↑ . . . a group waiting to be examined for Baptism.

... but the baptism of even one soul at eventide puts a seal and a blessing upon the day.





ETIQUETTE

CHINA is the land of ceremony, and after a few thousand years the people have the business of etiquette down to such a fine point that it becomes almost the first consideration in every voluntary act. This is true not only of ordinary social functions, but also of such everyday matters as ornamentation and decorations. Even the coiffure comes under the rule—especially that of little girls, whose arrangement of tresses could set the mode for their Far-Western sisters.

In the matter of etiquette the young missionary eventually learns the more fundamental and obvious rules

Drinking the contents of the finger bowl would not come under the raised-eyebrow department of China's authorities on etiquette, but the social amenities are governed by rule more rigid than law, says Father James F. Smith, M.M., of East Norwalk, Connecticut, a tyro missionary at Toishaan. He sounds a warning for visitors to the Orient.

possible before the Christians and pagans who are frequent visitors to the rectory. However, the priest is usually excused because of both his anxiety to please and his barbarian ancestry.

Somewhere along the line he learns that he must stand up, bow nicely, and receive a cup of tea with both hands (quite a feat when the cup is about the size of an overgrown thim-

ble and the host already has his two hands on it). He must control his Western impulse to greet people by shaking hands. He finds that a cheery wave of the hand is not the accepted mode of bidding a guest farewell: he must accompany him to the door, and, in the case of an official, to the front gate—all polite protestations notwithstanding.

His knowledge grows apace. On his first mission trip he is introduced to some of the simpler forms of table etiquette. He finds himself seated at a square table—never a round one—with seven of the more important villagers. There may be less than eight at a table, but never, never nine—since nine is the Chinese equivalent of our much-dreaded thirteen. If the meal happens to be breakfast, he must start the day, not with his usual cup of coffee—which he won't get, anyway—but with a full bowl of the hottest kind of firewater.

If the missionary has been practicing diligently with chopsticks at home, he finally finishes his first bowl. Then all seven table mates jump to their feet and beg for the honor of going to the sideboard for him. All a matter of "face," you see, but finally the youngest does the honors, and everyone is satisfied in the knowledge of a duty well done.



Ask Emily Post what I should do now!

FROM A HILLTOP

EACH year the Catholic Foreign Mission Society (more commonly known as Maryknoll) gathers on the hill that bears the name of the Immaculate Mother of God—Mary—and whilst kneeling before Jesus Christ exposed in the monstrance grants to her newly ordained sons a commission in the army of the Master in fields afar.

Upon this hill of Mary—Maryknoll—stands a school of learning, where the seeds of apostolic training are planted in the fertile souls of young men who, with gifts of nature and grace, are prepared for the greatest of all human ministrations—that of saving souls for the Kingdom of Heaven.

Only those who climb the hill ever enjoy the full freshness of the vision of the sunrise. Only those who ascend high above the vision of earthly sights can ever come close to the heavenly enjoyment of the vision of the children of God. And only those to whom the Master has given a breadth of vision and a depth of understanding and an appreciation for the height of the hill of Calvary can ever be so filled with this heavenly grace and inspired benediction as to renounce all things and go to toil the few years of earthly life in fields afar, thereby gaining heaven for an eternity. Such is a mission vocation!

Twenty-one years ago, four men climbed a hill—the first departure group—and set the foundation for a great American enterprise. The vision God gave them on that hill has already given way to great fruition. There is hardly any dream, hope, or aspiration, of the Church in modern times that has shown so much inspiration and continued assistance from heaven as have the plans of that little group of four who set out on Maryknoll's first departure, September 7, 1918. Through them the Church has proceeded, prospered, and reigned in hearts where Christ is King and Mary Queen.

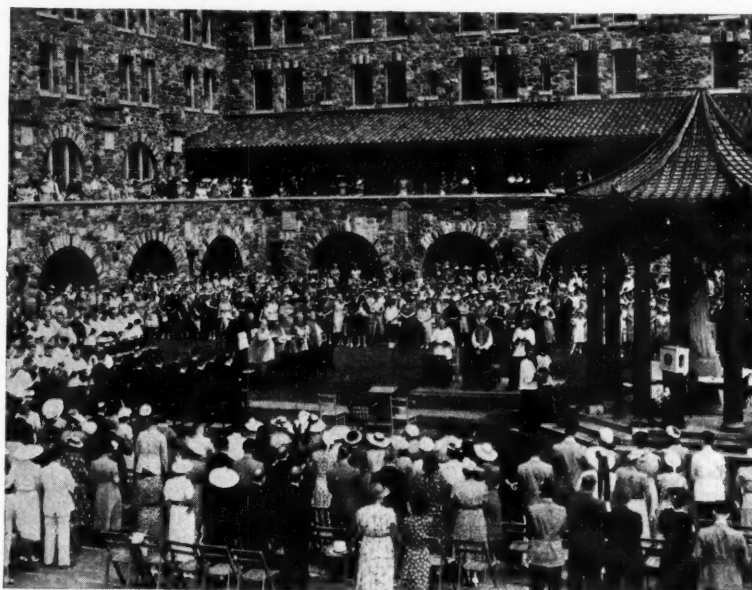
Maryknoll bids all Catholic hearts

A visitor to our departure ceremony, Father Aloysius F. Coogan, editor of *Catholic Missions*, wrote in the *New York Catholic News* his impressions from our hilltop. We found his article so inspiring that we want to share it with all friends of Maryknoll.

to open wide with love for Christ's children in fields afar, to climb the hill of Catholicism and view the Kingdom of the Master bounded

heavens the sun, the moon, and the stars; who created man a little less than the angels, and who gave to us Mary, "our tainted nature's solitary boast"; who inspires us with the hope of one day reaching the heights of sanctity—that is to say, of reaching the everlasting hill of heaven!

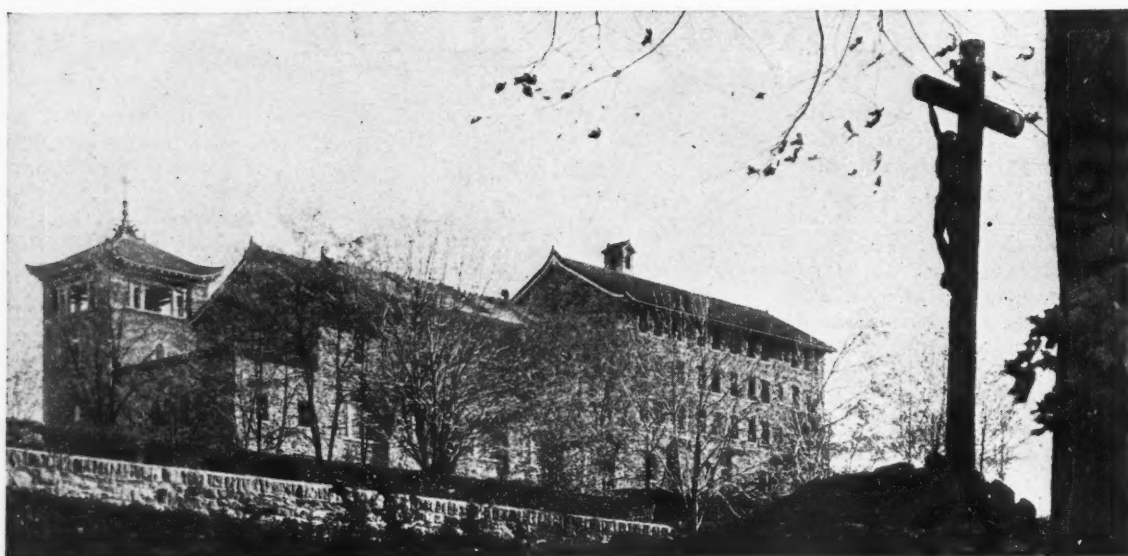
Today, then, we set aside our smallness of vision, our parochial needs. We view the needs of the Universal Church. We resolve to broaden our lives by taking cognizance of missionaries intrepid, who have given their



The joy of departure for Christ: missionaries breaking ties that bind them to home, and leaving for foreign lands

neither by land nor sea but by the vastness of the stretches of fields afar which as yet are unconverted to the gospel. For only upon the heights of the hill can we catch this universal glimpse that takes on something of infinity. Only on the top of the world can we get so far above the things of earth as to renounce their littleness for the greatness of God. And only upon the mount can we stand in awe of Him who placed in the

all for Christ. And we gain courage—we who fear in death the separation from life's joys and companionships—we gain moral stamina from the example of these men imbued with the spirit of Christ, who find it comparatively easy to smile through tears of separation and embrace the cross as though it were a jeweled crown. And we promise to follow them with our sacrifices, our alms, our prayers.



News and Views from Various Knolls

"Look! There is Maryknoll up on top of the hill! I had not realized the place is so big."

Into a pleasant reception room we went, and there a genial Brother Porter welcomed us and told us our room numbers.

"Take the stairs on your right and climb up to the fifth floor. Happy landing!"

By the time we found our rooms, we realized that Maryknoll is indeed quite large. But this was no time to meditate on the number of steps climbed. Students were going down to the recreation room, where old friends and new ones were awaiting the arrival of the *babes* from Bedford.

Smiles and laughter, jibes and jests, flew back and forth, as the *babes* and *oldsters* met and mingled. Yet amid all this hilarity there was a fine spirit of good fellowship. It was a spirit that was distinctive.

This spirit came from some place, but where? I did not have to look very far to find the answer to this question. The Seminary chapel contains the "Generator," and it is here that Maryknollers gather to receive their daily supply of "Fuel" to keep

their spirit ever dynamic. This is the center, the core, the very heart of the Maryknoll spirit of which I had become so acutely conscious during

my first few days in the Seminary.

Thus it was that my first impressions of Maryknoll all hinged around the spirit that has animated this house



The upper cloister walk provides ample space for the evening rosary.

since its foundation. It is not a new or novel impression. As a matter of fact, it is a very common one received by even those who come to this hilltop for a brief visit. May it ever continue to be the "first impression" others receive when they, too, come to Maryknoll for the first time.

—F. McK.

Maryknoll-in-St. Louis—

The story of the beginnings of the Church in the United States always is of interest to Catholics but especially to Maryknollers, who see in that foundation and growth a counterpart of the Church's present work in the Orient.

In St. Louis, where a new Maryknoll Junior Seminary was opened last year, the struggle of the early Catholics in the Mississippi valley is particularly interesting. While the Europeans sent priests, Brothers, and Sisters to plant the cross in the Missouri wilderness with the same generosity with which they sent missionaries to other parts of America, they gave a more direct help to the work in St. Louis.

In 1822 Bishop Joseph Rosati was in danger of losing much of the property belonging to the only parish in town. Immediately Father Francis Neil was dispatched to Europe and secured a sum of money sufficient to regain the church property and give the work of conversion a new impetus. The St. Louis priest preached in the churches on the continent much as a Maryknoll priest today preaches in the parishes of St. Louis, similarly asking help to establish Christianity in a far-off country across the sea.

Just as the Europeans heeded the command of Christ to teach all nations and assisted in the establishment of the Church in St. Louis, so are the Missouri Catholics helping the Maryknoll missionaries to bear Christ to foreign lands.

Maryknoll-in-Bedford—

We journeyed over to Maryvale for a football game with the lads who trimmed us a few weeks ago. Using



The miniature cascade at the edge of our property is at its best in October.

our light line and backfield, we lined up against these boys to take them if at all possible. Before the first quarter was over, they had scored two touchdowns on long passes but failed to convert for the extra points. That was quite a jolt to our ambition and intention and not a small lead to overcome. We rallied our courage, however, bucked the line harder, threw a long pass that was good for a touchdown and followed it with another for the extra point. We were trailing 12-7 up until two minutes of play

in the last quarter. We crashed through their line with fierceness and desperation on their last down and recovered their kick on their own two-yard line. A snappy short pass over the goal line was good for a touchdown. We threw another in the same place for the extra point! The whistle blew with the score standing 12 to 14 in favor of Maryknoll. We are now eligible to play the New Year's game in the Bedford Bowl, which is in the lower end of Mr. Greenwood's pasture.



MY ROSE PRAYER

HARD work, hard words, hard looks, nothing could repress her smile or spoil her disposition. Five years ago, when we first met her, "Little Phoenix" was a thirteen-year-old bride. Her father, who is very poor and has many mouths to feed, had been glad to give her in marriage to the crippled son of the numerous household of the Wangs. "Little Phoenix" had no illusions when she married. She knew what to expect. She knew that she would have to obey her mother-in-law and do all the hard work in the home. She knew that as the wife of a cripple she, as well as her husband, would be considered a burden and a nuisance.

All this she accepted with childlike simplicity, with no sense of personal injury and no trace of bitterness. In fact, she tried always to help the Wangs as much as she could. When one of her husband's sisters was thought to be dying and there was no money to pay a Chinese doctor, "Little Phoenix" remembered that she had once heard about the foreign women who wear gray with a black veil, and who go and care for the sick and do not charge for their service or their medicine. So the family sent her to fetch one of the foreign women.

This is a true story by Sister Mary Gloria Wagner, of Baltimore, now a missionary in Manchukuo. The photograph shows Sister Gloria with her pupil workers in Fushun's Mission-Arts vestment department.

When the Sisters came, they found the patient too far gone to hope for her recovery. They called several

times and made the poor woman as comfortable as they could. They spoke often of the true God and of the heavenly hereafter. What the Sisters said and did went unheeded by all in the family except the little wife of the crippled son. When she ventured a question, she was told that the "Heavenly Lord's Hall" is always open, and she was invited to "come



"Little Phoenix" presents Sister Gloria with a scrap of yellow paper, signed by the man to whom she had been sold.

and see" whenever she liked. Her bright face soon became familiar to all at the mission.

The thirsty soul of the little Chinese bride drank in eagerly the startling new truths she was learning. How wonderful it all was!

To make sure of being near the church every day and to please her mother-in-law by earning a little money, "Little Phoenix" asked if she might come and work in our vestment department. She came and won everyone's heart with her smile and her happy disposition. Long before she was baptized, she learned to love the "rose prayer," as the Chinese call the rosary.

In due course of time "Little Phoenix" was baptized *Malia* (Mary), and she received her First Holy Communion. Then came the birth and the baptism of her little baby girl. The baby was like a pretty flower, but the mother's strength never returned. She could no longer do her allotted tasks. She was often too weak to care for the baby. She was now of no use to the Wangs. When the infant was five months old, both mother and baby were sold to a man for the sum of eighty dollars.

In her new surroundings *Malia* was given proper food and kind attention. The baby was wanted and loved. *Malia's* naturally grateful heart responded to this treatment, and she tried to forget her former life of drudgery at the Wangs. But, in the midst of the comforts that she had never known, she still was not quite happy. God had come to her in that former life of poverty. She could not, nor did she wish to, forget Him. She clung for a while to the hope that there might be a compromise, that she might be able to continue in her present surroundings. Gradually the desire to receive Holy Communion grew into a longing she could not check.

She talked it all over with the Sisters and then with the pastor. There was no solution but separation. We prayed, as we saw her valiantly trying to hide the conflict that was taking place in her heart. She turned away, unable to decide.

Two weeks later she returned, with a scrap of yellow paper signed by the man to whom she had been sold, relinquishing all claim to her and to the eighty dollars he had paid. Her faith had been tested by fire. The precious slip of paper proclaimed the victory.

After going to confession, she went with her baby to the home of her father, back to the poverty of her childhood. The next day she taxed all her physical strength to come again to receive her Eucharistic King. Since then she has not been able to leave her home, but we send a dear old lady from the old folks' home every day to look after her and the baby.

The one treasure she clings to now is the little rosary we gave her on the day of her baptism. "My rose prayer," she calls it. Each time we visit her, *Malia* is visibly weaker. With her now tired but irrepressible smile, she waits—as she fingers the rosary—for the day when she will see her Heavenly Mother in the "Lord's Hall Triumphant."



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MYSTICAL ROSE

ON a mystic vine, growing out of the dawn, blooms the mystic rose in triple design, symbolizing and forming the halo of the Woman who "cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun"—the fairest flower in the garden of the world, whose shining light of virtue brightens for us the golden path of union with God. The chaste lilies fade in the bright light of her purity. The Divine Infant in her arms clasps a red rose to His heart and gazes with love and admiration into the face of the "Mystic Rose," of whose loveliness it is a symbol.

This Madonna is one subject of a series, *Maryknoll Chi-Rho Arts*, produced by a Maryknoll Sister Artist. The entire series—some subjects in color and some in black-and-white—will be on the market in a few months. Three other Madonnas of the series, in color, are now on sale: "Our Lady of the Night," 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 12", \$1.75; "Mother of Light," 7" x 12", \$2; "Our Lady of the Snows," 7" x 12", \$2. These plaques are mounted on wood and glazed over by a modern process called *Pyraglas*. Order from the Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P.O., New York.

Our World of Missions

Our note pages on men
and things missionary

AFFAIRS are grave in Europe, but we are deceiving ourselves if we believe that everything except war has been put aside. In many respects the mission movement is far ahead of what it was twenty years ago.

Thanks for this go primarily to Pope Pius XI, who touched many administrative buttons unfamiliar to the general public, which even yet have not had time to reach their maximum in results. The principal activity of the "Pope of the Missions" along this line was his continual interrogatory of the Church's leaders. "What is your diocese doing for missions?" he asked bishops who came to him. "What is your community doing for missions?" he asked the generals of religious bodies of priests, Brothers, and Sisters. His strong directions to these "key men" in the Church sent them home from Rome still more thoughtful of the problem of converting the world, and many of them instituted important programs of mission cooperation. Pope Pius XII promises to continue these efforts of his predecessor.

A midsummer issue of a French magazine says of mission activity: "Undeniedly, we are on the move in France. It is hard to believe it: suddenly we slip anchor and get going! From many sides the new spirit has been signaled, and our editorial tables carry youth magazines that call for action. This is the best proof that our train rolls along. . . . We vision the joy that Monsignor Olichon and Monsignor Boucher (after-war mission leaders in France, both now dead) would

experience to see our great youth movement launched at last."

France has suffered from the lack of a vehicle for getting the mission call to the mass of its young, and thus vocations have languished. The country still possesses deep mission convictions.

In Italy another midsummer magazine gives the enrollment of Italian priests in the Missionary Union of the Clergy as 45,600. Of these, 7,786 are perpetual members. In mission organizations, Italian dioceses now rank among the foremost in the world. While poor in material goods and hampered by their country's economic problems, the Italian people are approaching a new peak in the contribution of mission personnel.

Ireland, England, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Poland have mission records which improve yearly. Portugal in its glorious rebirth is thinking of the non-Christian as it has not for centuries. Spain's mission movement, launched before the civil war, was halted only partially by the combat and is again fully under way.

In German-language countries the laws against exporting money have brought to a complete stop any financial support of missions. However, everybody is impressed, not by the great amount of harm, but by the relatively little harm that the mission cause has suffered in Germany from the economic laws and from the generally hostile attitude of the government. Vocations continue numerous, though the removal of youth from Catholic training will probably change this.

Our Brother the Moslem—

TODAY, leftist forces are strong in many countries and, led by communism, are fraternizing internationally. As a result, thoughtful people of the right and center are looking across the horizons of the world to all those who feel in any way sympathetic toward their ideals. Thus we find many among the religiously inclined throughout Asia and the civilized parts of Africa who regard the Church, not with hostility, but as one of the world's great bulwarks against anti-religion.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find a statement like the following in a periodical prepared for Moslem priests. "El Balagh el Djarzaire," published in Algiers, had this comment at the death of Pope Pius XI:



The new windows for the Cathedral at Peoria, Illinois, will have a series of twenty-four panels portraying the spread of the Faith to all races and nations. Most Rev. Joseph H. Schlarman, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, who designed the panel portraying the work of Maryknoll said: "I believe your institution represents the typically American spirit." Maryknoll's co-founders, a Maryknoll Sister, Orientals of many nations, and Our Lady of Maryknoll are featured.

"Christianity holds a high place in the hearts of Mussulmans, who profess great respect for it. . . . It is useless to repeat that everything which interests it touches us, in particular now the death of Pope Pius XI. . . . He leaves behind him illustrious deeds, which are a source of good for mankind. Their memory will be eternal and will last as long as the heavens and the earth. . . . To our Christian neighbors to whom we are bound by so many strong ties, we offer our condolences. May his successor fill their hearts with joy and gladness, and may their new leader bring the greatest good to humanity."

We make a mistake if we give too much importance to such expressions, since they in no way signify any inclination to accept Christian teachings. However, we can be sure that in God's good time these earnest elements in every country will provide the foundations on which the Church of Christ will rise.

The Priest the Key—

FATHER MANNA, founder, under the Holy See, of the Missionary Union of the Clergy, writes, "The Catholic priest is the one who, either by direct action or by his leadership of the faithful, will in the long run make Christ become in fact what He is by right, king of the whole human race."

At Maryknoll we are quite convinced of this. We understand that, if missionaries are to cross the ocean, mission vocations must be born in America's flourishing Catholic parishes, schools, and colleges. We are at present seeking a thousand priests, each of whom will undertake to foster one mission vocation and by prayer and encouragement watch the seed grow into a vigorous plant of the apostolate. Some hundreds of priests have already signified their desire to adorn their sacerdotal careers by such achievement.

Father Charles of Louvain—

PIERRE CHARLES of Louvain has been with us several months. He is an amiable and very approachable Belgian Jesuit who gets principal

credit for the years of success enjoyed by the Missiology Week of Louvain University. He is now Professor of Missiology at Louvain and Rome. He sparkles when he talks and has given a sparkle to his extensive writings on the missions.

Father Charles is one of the few

est in the conversion of his fellows. He admits frankly that there is no place at present in Catholic education where a knowledge of missions may be obtained.

"We study in detail," says Father Charles, "the clauses of the treaty of Westphalia or the tactics of the siege of Sagunto, but we are taught practi-



Eleven native priests of Hung-Hoa Mission, Tongking, Indo-China, proceeding to the cathedral for their ordination.

who have satisfactorily put together mission history, mission methods, the Church's mission legislation, and the conditions in non-Christian countries, in such manner that one who is interested may systematically investigate the Church's task of converting the world. This collated data bears the name of *missiology*.

Most missionaries have never systematically studied missions any more than most farmers have been to an agricultural college. However, among missionaries as among farmers it is now conceded that much could be learned from text books and from properly gathered information.

Father Charles has helped to spread through Europe the idea that every son or daughter of the Church, following a secular career, in order to be "more the Catholic and less the egoist" should possess an informed inter-

ally nothing at college or in the university regarding the history of Japanese Christianity in the sixteenth century or the conversion of China in the seventeenth. After terminating all our classes and passing all our examinations, we have not encountered anywhere in our books or notes a single page indicating the religious state of the blacks in America or the present state of Islam."

Of course Father Charles is not the first to make such a statement; many of us have been listening to this for a generation. To give Catholic educators in America credit, many of them are very ready to incorporate such information into Catholic training, if a little group of people with proper knowledge of education and of missions and properly gifted with good sense will concretely show how it can be done without heavily taxing our already over-taxed school curriculums.

MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

PUNCH is a happy name for something that carries with it all the vigor of childhood and all its robust fun. Not without reason is the funny little man who pugnaciously bobs up and down on the old traditional puppet stage called Punch. The *punch* in the old Punch-and-Judy show stuns the childish imagination and brings it back on the rebound.

We recall our own Punch-and-Judy days. They are associated with white crunchy snow and frosted windowpanes and the strong, nice smell of juicy oranges being peeled. Striped candy canes and Kriss Kringle in full regalia hover in the lively background; and, in the middle of them all, Punch is shouting back and forth with Judy, his frowsy spouse. The hungry-jawed, *papier-maché* alligator is taking a nibble at Punch's wooden



From "The Puppet Players"

peg of a leg, the undertaker in rich and gloomy black awaits his chance, and the saucy little red devil is visibly and audibly looking forward to hitting the coffin nail on the head. Even though there was some sort of human being clever enough behind the scene, who moved and talked for Punch and Judy, and even though we saw him often enough fussing about his Lilliputian theater before and after performances, there still hung over that tiny show a sense of wonder and mystery, which no mere human assurance could dispel.

It is the immediacy of childhood and the relevancy of what is immediately seen and heard that help to give a curious charm to the little cloth-and-wooden people hopping about in an unparalleled melodrama.

We ourselves should have been secretly filled with terrified delight could we have taken lifeless Punch and made him come alive with a twist of our fingers.

It was like Punch at last, in these days, to get out of bounds and come down and literally shake hands with boys and girls, so that now the mysterious humans who *work* Punch are not always adult artists but those natural-born artists in miniature, the children.

The puppet play's the thing; and, at the expense of being hackneyed, we repeat Hamlet's wise assurance with a modern addition of our own. The puppet play is the thing, as any modern teacher will tell you, who has utilized puppets in her educational endeavors with her young charges. There are not many schools today which cannot show at least one puppet stage and one puppet performance. Is this something new? The idea of producing puppet plays in the classroom may be, but the idea of puppets themselves goes back farther than the man with the longest memory.

Puppets are said to have originated among the simple Chinese with their inborn sense of humor and their keenness of wit.

1300 B.C., and sometimes 3000 B.C., has not seemed too early a date to set for the origin of puppets in ancient Cathay. The same sense of childish wonder and artistic culture prevailing among the Chinese lives also among the colorful, gay Italians, who produce some of the most fascinating puppet plays ever put on a stage when at Christmastide they have their dolls re-enact the story of Christmas. Religious subjects are quite as delightful in their simplicity as the fairy tales and the legends of profane literature. This has made us conjecture what an excellent thing for amusement and instruction a mission puppet play would be.

In the event you would like to experiment with us,



From "Grey Dawns and Red" by Marie Fischer.

we have on hand two such little plays. A slight change of costume effected by your sewing class will distribute the character parts among your already-made puppets. Paints or chalk crayons will furnish temporary Oriental features. If you are interested or just curious, write to us and we shall be happy to furnish whatever information we can for your performance of "The Puppet Players" or "The Chinese Cook."

This is an opportunity that your mission club has been waiting for. You cannot say it will not work until you have given it a fair trial. We have tried it successfully ourselves.

Zacheus Climbs Again

WHEN Jesus was proceeding through Jericho there was a man by the name of Zacheus, who was chief of the publicans and was wealthy; and he was endeavoring to see what sort of person Jesus was, but could not on account of the crowd, and because he was small of stature. So he ran ahead and climbed a sycamore tree in order to obtain a view of Jesus, because He was about to pass that way. When Jesus came to the spot He looked up and saw him and, 'Zacheus,' He called to him, 'make ready and come down, for I must stay at thy house today.' He accordingly made haste to descend and received Him with delight. On seeing this, however, the people grumbled, saying that He had gone in to be the guest of a man who was a sinner. But Zacheus stood and said to the Lord: 'Behold, Lord, I give half of my possessions to the poor. And if I have exacted money wrongfully from any one, I restore it four-fold.' And Jesus said, 'Today is salvation come to this household, since he, too, is a son of Abraham; for the Son of man came to seek and to save what was lost.'

A noise from the courtyard below distracted me as I sat near my window reading the familiar story, and I glanced up from my book. Several boys and men were around some object on the ground—I could not see what, at first—and all seemed to be talking at once. Then through an opening in the ranks I saw a man, small in stature, who seemed to be sitting on the ground. With some of the native curiosity already a part of my makeup, I went down to the yard to see for myself.

The new attraction was a little man, named T'ao, who had been born with a deformity of limb that never permitted him to walk. With a wooden block in each hand he had learned to manipulate himself along the paths of Manchukuo, through the city streets, finding charity where he could, while



Father John A. Fisher, M.M., of Malden, Massachusetts, has been in the Fushun (Manchukuo) Language School at Antung during the past year. His story of another Zacheus reads like fiction.

he philosophically disregarded the jeers and "ai yahs" of the curious.

Tree-climbing is not exactly one of Antung's sports, but the story of Zacheus came immediately to my mind when I learned later that T'ao was a climber, too. For years he had been climbing his way through the

hillside maze of Antung's alleys. No one in town would "pick-a-back" an outcast, so on and on he climbed.

That was his life until the day, as a stranger, he climbed up a new hillside where God was waiting for him. The Divine Friend of the maimed and crippled was ready to take T'ao into His house, and the little man never climbed back down the hill.

That was almost a year ago. T'ao has learned much of Christ in His hillside home, and he knows the reason why the feet of Christ were the most powerful of all when fastened to a cross. The little man—the climber—is to be baptized tomorrow. I think Zacheus will be his name.

CHINESE BOY

READERS have asked what the little boy pictured on page 232 of our September issue is writing. The picture did not come from a Maryknoll Mission, but the Sinologists, whom we had examined the writing before publication, described it as "scribbling," although the second character seemed to be "day."

We disclaim responsibility for any significance attached to the picture.

**The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.**

I should like to help reap the harvest. Send me a Support-A-Missioner ten-dime card. Send cards for friends.

Name

Address

☐ I shall be happy to support a missioner for one day each month.



On the Maryknoll Newsfront



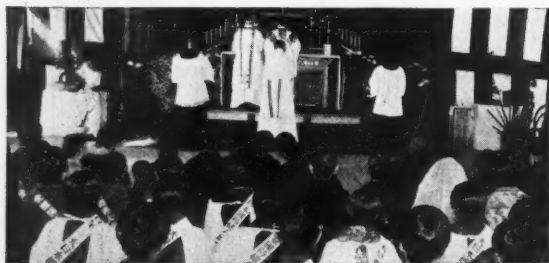
From above the door of Nagasaki's cathedral, Our Lady's statue looks down to the Hill of Martyrs.

YOUR Newsfront reporter takes off this month from Yokohama, where our trans-Pacific boat first puts into an Asian seaport. It is not a far run down the eastern coast of Japan to Hikone, where Maryknollers have

EVERYTHING BUT A CATHEDRAL.

Don't be scandalized at all those women being in church without hats. They are all pagans, and besides, that isn't a church, either. Father Witte, the pastor, who hails from Centerville, Indiana, never could get that many people into his little cubbyhole of a would-be church. This is a part of the finest assembly he has ever had. The occasion was a solemn Mass which had been advertised, and for which invitations had been issued to all. A choir came all the way from Kyoto. And the sermon by a native priest who was commandeered for the occasion actually brought tears! And that's what these people like.

This Mass was a memorial service. The attendance was gratifying, and a very good impression was made. The consequent publicity also did much good, and more may come of it. But *ain't* it a shame! For something so sacred, a common hall had to be rented. Will Hikone ever have a church? The answer is left to some kind benefactor!



Every organization in the city had representatives at the Memorial Mass.

A LITTLE farther south, Nagasaki, ancient, mysterious, lovely pearl of the Orient, is a treasure house of gallant memories for Catholics of the world. Here, not far from the cathedral, rises the famed Hill of Martyrs, where twenty-six crosses once bore dying men and children, singing, as they died, hymns of praise for Christ. A celebration in commemoration of the twenty-six martyrs will be held here, at Nagasaki, October thirteenth to sixteenth, and a host of Catholics, especially from America, are planning pilgrimages to this spot where Japanese Catholics and their priests died rather than renounce their Faith.



Heijo's new Vicar, Bishop O'Shea, and Father Joseph Hunt

AN overnight train ride from Fusan brings us to Heijo, the Maryknoll Mission in Korea. We have only a brief pause at Chinnampo, where we congratulate Fathers Sweeney and Pospichal on "658 adult baptisms during the past twelve months!"

A brilliant record, indeed, fraught with many sacrifices and arduous labor. We envy these two zealous apostles as we speed on to Heijo, our center in the land of Chosen. The first news to reach us was

THE SISTERS' NOVITIATE COLLAPSED!

In company with Bishop-elect O'Shea we find that the Sisters managed to take their troubles joyfully, since no one was hurt or killed. "The collapse of this one house," said Monsignor O'Shea, "will cost us hundreds of dollars, and it will overcrowd still more the already sardine-packed Sisters of three communities before it can be rebuilt." Monsignor O'Shea sighs "for a few thousand real American dollars, so that we could provide once and for all for our new community and its Maryknoll Sister trainees. We have the Sisters, we have the land—all we need is the cash!"

CONCERNING FATHER DONOVAN

To reach the Manchukuo mission of Fushun we travel farther north, crossing the bridge at Antung, and continuing on up towards the ancient city of Mukden. It was in October, 1937, that our beloved Father Gerard Donovan was kidnapped from his parish church. Since

his capture and death we have been anxious to gather something of his days with the bandits. Practically no news of any nature has come through; but recently, when Father Gilbert visited Huai-Jen, he picked up an interesting story from one of the officials. Even though we have no other basis of information than the word of this official, we feel that the incident is well worth mentioning.



The house collapsed, but the Sisters smiled.

The official stated that when Father Donovan was in the hands of the bandits he preached to them when possible, and that a number of the group became interested in hearing of the Church. When the leader learned of this, he became highly incensed and ordered them to discontinue their interest, with the threat of death. One of them refused and persisted in his desire to become a Catholic, with the result that he was strangled. Whether or not Father Donovan was able to baptize him is not known. We feel that, perhaps, there is some foundation to the story, and that the man had baptism both of desire and of blood, if not that of water.

THE trip down to South China is wrought with difficulties during these days. But from our Newsfront armchair it is a simple task to pick up the encouraging bit of news in Wuchow that Father Tennien had returned from his trip up the river, full of enthusiasm and hope for the new locality. It is in the midst of a big village, and there are already about a hundred who have expressed their willingness to study the doctrine, while several other large neighboring groups are showing much interest.

Before doubling back to Hong Kong and the boat home, we are sure to find something of interest from

Philadelphia's Father McGinn, pastor of Tungchen. It is unusual for Father Joseph to be sad, but we found him so because of the

TRAGEDY AT SOLITARY ROCKS

This is a village of new Catholics, among whom were a widow and her only son. Suffering from rheumatic pains, the lady went to an old gentleman whose avocation in life is to roam the hills in search of medicinal plants. She had heard that he possessed a certain root and she insistently begged it of him. Reluctantly, he gave it to her. She saved it for some days until her purse allowed the purchase of some pork, and then she boiled the root with the pork. She boiled it so long that when she took the lid off the pot the aroma was strong indeed—so strong that she fished the root out of the pot and threw it away. Sometime later, the sole son and the young Catholic man who worked as farm laborer for her came home. They sat down to the evening rice, keenly anticipating the treat. Only a few spoonfuls of the "soup" had been tasted when both boys suddenly arose with a cry that they were blind. An hour later the two boys were dead; the mother was saved.

The saddest feature of the tragic occurrence was that the mother, crazed with grief, insisted on holding elaborate pagan ceremonies and refused to have the priest conduct the funeral. She was obdurate and nothing could be done about it.

TRAGEDY AT SOLITARY ROCKS.



Tungchen's youngsters inaugurate—not a revolution, but study clubs.

EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 443.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.

5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles—twice the area of the New England States.

6. The seven contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls—over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count approximately 65,000 Catholics (64,817 in June, 1938).
8. They are winning approximately 7,500 adult converts a year (7,337 adult converts from July 1, 1937, to June 30, 1938).

Among Our Friends—



Most Reverend Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Archbishop of Cleveland

FRIENDS IN CLEVELAND

Archbishop Joseph Schrembs, of Cleveland, not only has shown a personal interest in the development of Maryknoll, but also has taken under his paternal care the difficult beginning of our Junior Seminary at Akron, Ohio. On the occasion of blessing the Akron seminary, His Excellency told the priests there assembled:

"I am very happy that I happen to be the Bishop of Cleveland whose privilege it has been to receive Maryknoll into this diocese. The growth of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of

America has been truly remarkable, and I rejoice in the opening of their Junior Seminary here at Akron. I have assured Bishop Walsh, the Superior General, of my whole-hearted welcome to the Maryknoll Fathers, and it is my fond hope that all the priests of my diocese will do the same."

Another Cleveland friend is Monsignor John P. Treacy, Cleveland director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, who recalls having given, as a boy, his first nickel to the late Bishop Walsh when he was mission-aid director in Boston. That was but a beginning of Monsignor Treacy's devotion to Maryknoll. The dormitory of the Akron seminary was donated by him, and now he hopes to supply student aid for Akron seminarians. For the general kindness of every one in the Cleveland diocese, encouraged by the genial Archbishop himself, Maryknoll is deeply grateful.

ST. MEINRAD'S, INDIANA

The sons of Saint Benedict have been pioneers in every land, and still are outstanding in their work in mission countries. Their fine zealous spirit is imbibed by the students in their colleges and seminaries, where Crusade Units have been established and Mission Day is an annual event.

A Maryknoller, home on furlough from South China, was present at the Benedictines' Mission Day rally at St. Meinrad's in Indiana and brought us an account of it.

The "departed mission spirit" was given a mournful

funeral before the field events took place. "Mission-Ade" and hamburgers were sold for the benefit of the missions, and missionaries "fresh from the field" were given a rousing reception.

Maryknoll and St. Meinrad's have been close friends for many years, the alumni of that institution are not few in the Maryknoll ranks. We are happy in having the Benedictines among our friends.

A SPECIAL "THANK YOU"

Each year we are forced to appeal to our readers for help in sending new missionaries to the field, and the response has always been heartening. This year, in spite of strained economic conditions in the homeland, the same generous cooperation was given by priests and laity. Most touching was the noble sacrifice of a missionary's mother—a widow—who paid her son's entire fare. What multiple sacrifices were thus entailed, only God knows. May He reward generously all our friends who helped us to send forth this little company of apostles.

THANKSGIVING

"I promised the enclosed for the missions, as thanksgiving for the recovery of my grandson."—California

"Enclosed is an offering which I promised for a favor received through the intercession of Saint Jude. Please apply this to the Saint Jude Burse."—Pennsylvania.



A Mission Day booth at St. Meinrad's

THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers,

I am a seminarian, and you know that we students haven't a great deal of money to spend. A Maryknoller gave us a talk (it was really a tonic) on Thursday night, and—money or no money—I want to do something now to support a missionary. "A dollar a day" is the norm suggested. For me that is impossible at present.

However, I have an idea by which I may be able to help. I propose to offer for a missionary, each month, five of the Masses at which I assist. It can hardly be called supporting a missionary for five days, but it is offering the equivalent, I hope, for his spiritual support.

I hope you will accept my poor offering. I intend to keep it up until I have the privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice myself for the intentions of others, and then I shall look forward to contributing the actual support that I should like to give now.

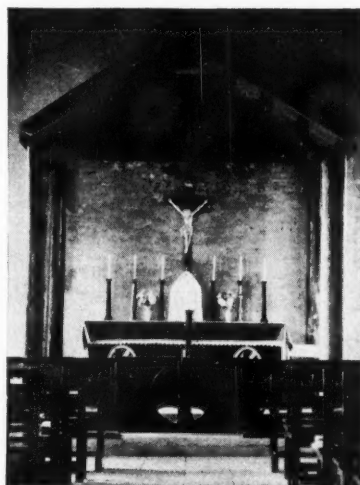
I shall speak of this plan to others, and perhaps our prayers will draw more support for our American brothers in fields afar.

A.S.—New Jersey

"I have had a long illness which affected my eyes, and I asked Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, The Little Flower, and Saint Lucy to help me. Now Our Lord has restored me to health, and I am sending you a thank-offering for the missions. I hope it may encourage others to remember the missions in thanksgiving."—New York

"The enclosed offering is for a High Mass of thanksgiving and the remainder a donation for your missions. This is in thanksgiving to The Sacred Heart for a great favor received, which I promised I would publish."—Ohio

"In a recent issue of THE FIELD AFAR are reproductions of three paintings by a nun. They are beautiful and original. As there is a crusade going on against the imported stock figures, altars, and pictures used in our Catholic churches, it is a relief to see something done by an American—especially a nun. You may not be aware of it, but you have given the crusade a big boost. I had lunch today at the Architectural League with a non-Catholic—an architect of note—and I showed him THE FIELD AFAR containing the pictures. He was delighted with them and asked to see the originals."—New York



Churches—A Need

IN many of the larger missions good-sized churches are becoming a necessity. Apostolic beginnings could be content with smaller chapels, but now, with baptisms growing greater in number each year, our missionaries find that it is almost impossible to care for the greater number unless larger churches are built.

The Want Ads in the next column mention some of these needs. Build a church yourself, or share in its construction. You will, indeed, be a friend in need.

Maryknoll Want Ads

Miscellaneous Wanted

Six country chapels at \$300 each are needed in Wuchow Vicariate.

At Nishijin, Kyoto Prefecture, a vacant lot awaits a church for three hundred faithful. \$2,000 will help greatly.

Building a convent and equipping it in the Fushun Prefecture requires \$800. Four convents are needed.

The center mission at Kweilin, completely destroyed, must rebuild immediately. Three gifts of \$2,000, or any part thereof, will be welcomed.

Help Wanted

At Kaying help is wanted in furnishing Bishop Ford's cathedral: \$35 for a baptismal font; \$80 for an organ; \$100 for the main altar.

A chapel for Sun Chong in the Kongmoon Vicariate is an urgent help wanted. \$500 will do the trick.

In Korea—at Chinnampo! A much-needed church and rectory could be built there, if someone could help with the cost—\$4,000.

Help will be wanted on a large scale in Kyoto, Japan, if Monsignor Byrne can find three gifts of \$10,000 each to buy land for three city churches. A fine chance to help end the missions' depression.

Tutors and Private Instruction Wanted

\$15 a month will support native catechists in Wuchow's Vicariate—and they employ one hundred.

Ten mission schools in Kaying each need \$250 a year to keep going. Can you help?

\$300 a year supports one of the ten Maryknoll Sisters in Kongmoon's Vicariate. Bishop Paschang must look for the three thousand. Save his eyesight!

Catechists' school at Kweilin requires \$500 a year to keep functioning.

\$1,000 will build a catechist school at Fushun.

"School needed for native Korean Sisters" comes an SOS from Heijo. \$10,000 will build the novitiate and school. (See page 284.)

Our Maryknoll Burses

We give below the list of incomplete burse. Friends of Maryknoll will be glad to know that two new burse have been completed; one in memory of Father Gerard Donovan, M.M., who was killed by bandits in Manchukuo; and one in honor of the sainted Mother Cabrini.

A complete Maryknoll burse is \$6,000, the interest from which (when we are fortunate enough to receive five per cent!) brings \$300, substantially the cost of educating a seminarian. An ordinary burse is \$5,000. Any offering from \$1 up may be made toward a burse.

MAJOR SEMINARY BURSES

MAHAN MEMORIAL BURSE....	4,630.85
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	4,426.30
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse....	4,300.00
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	4,100.00
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	4,087.71
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse....	4,050.00
St. Michael Burse, No. 1 (Reserved)	3,665.00
Mary Dunn Memorial Burse.....	3,625.71
Marywood College Burse.....	3,307.00
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,762.85
St. Boniface Burse.....	2,297.80
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,289.63
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	2,271.19
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
St. Bernadette of Lourdes Burse....	2,000.09
Lauringer Burse (Reserved).....	2,000.00
James J. Sullivan Memorial Burse (Reserved).....	2,000.00
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,738.06
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,455.88
Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill....	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	1,395.38
Souls in Purgatory Burse (Reserved)	1,240.00
St. Francis of Assisi Burse, No. 2...	1,139.10
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,121.21
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
Detroit Archdiocese Burse.....	885.00
St. Rita Burse.....	772.65
St. Lawrence Burse.....	673.25
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	671.20
Children of Mary Burse.....	655.70
St. Bridget Burse.....	644.30
Holy Family Burse.....	583.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	503.61
The Precious Blood Burse (Reserved)	500.00
The Holy Name Burse.....	489.65
St. Jude Burse.....	448.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	292.00

All Saints Burse.....	271.78
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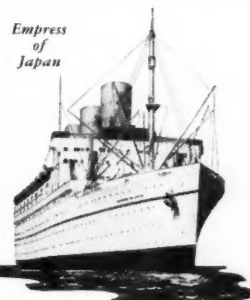
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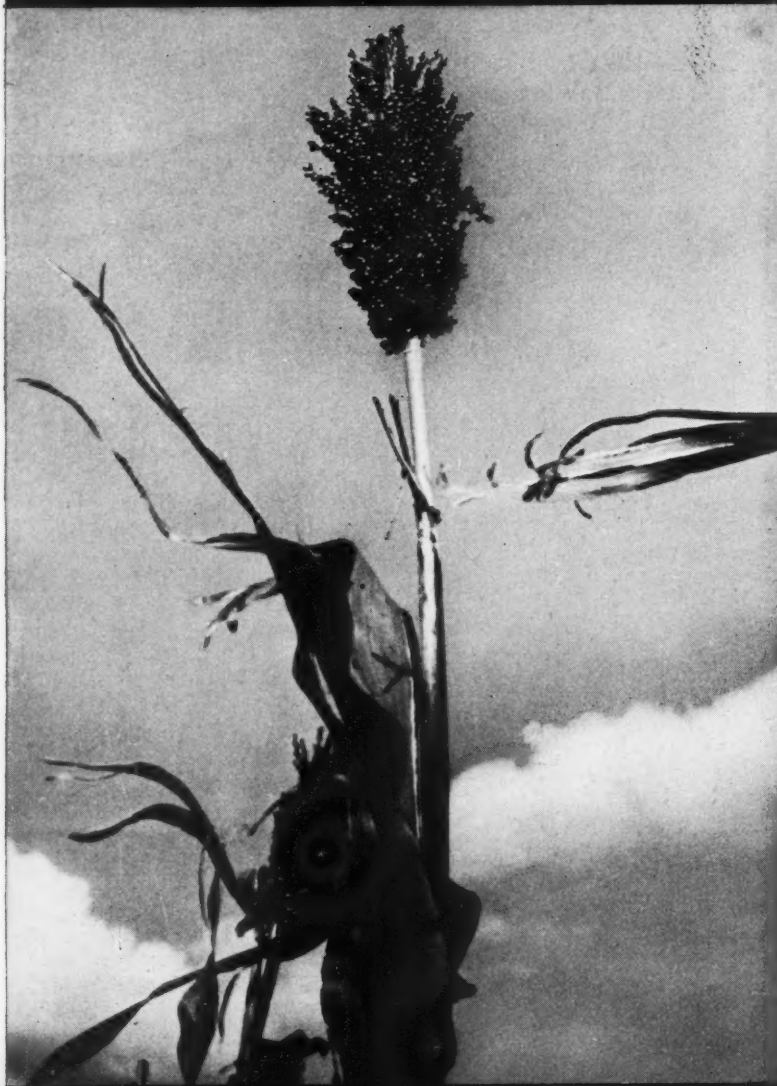


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